CONCERNING CONDUCTORS

TRAITS OF HERTZ. WEINGARTNER AND SAFONOF.

The Anti-Fortissimo Society at the Metropolitan Opera House—"Blow, Winds, and Crack Your Cheeks"—Barbaric Safonof and Elegant Weingartner—Talking at Concert and Opera.

The return of Vasili Safonof, who conducts orchestras without the aid of a baton, and of Felix Weingartner, who inspires musicians without the assistance of emotion, suggests some desultory remarks upon certain features of conducting in this town at the present time. A side light may possibly be thrown on the situation by the fact that the players of brass wind instruments at the Metropolitan Opera House have formed an Anti-Fortissimo Society. This organization must be accepted as distinctly hostile to Conductor Alfred Hertz, whose musical motto is borrowed from "King Lear"—"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks."

The brass blowers contend that for their instruments there is no such thing as a fortissimo. Forte is the extreme degree of power, they hold, and when they endeavor in response to the conductor's frantic gesticulation to blow anything more than that, they can produce nothing but a horrid din, which is not music. It is a blessing to this community that it contains such musicians. Otherwise the conductor lunacy might lead us all toward the madhouse.

Mr. Hertz of the Metropolitan regards himself as an illtreated man. It is plainly his opinion that the newspaper objections to his manner of converting sonority into noise are founded upon some ground vaguely described as personal. Possibly this is the time to remind musical performers of all kinds that criticism is not written to them, at them or for them. It is written about them. They are the subjects of comment, but the comment is not meant for their instruction.

It is intended for the information of the public. The statement that Mr. Hertz played such and such a passage in "Rheingold" too loudly is not a censure of Mr. Hertz, but a hint to the auditor that he did not hear the thing as it should have been heard and that he must revise his impressions of that particular passage.

Naturally, when newspapers say that this or that interpretation was not the true one, or this or that singer sang out of tune, some one's feelings are hurt; but that is none of the newspaper's business. Feelings are also hurt when a newspaper prints the story of a political conspiracy or a financial crime; but the public is entitled to information about such matters, whether feelings are hurt or not. When Mr. Hertz misinterprets Wagner, the music lovers of the town must have the news, even if it does chance to hurt the conductor's feelings. Wagner is dead and cannot speak for himself. Mr. Hertz is alive and is capable of making a lot of noise in the world.

It is unfortunate that the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra cannot be seated in a sunken pit with a shield behind it, as orchestras are arranged in some of the European theatres. This would greatly improve the situation, in so far as the power of sound is concerned. But it has been ascertained by experiment that the acoustics of the Metropolitan will not tolerate this plan. When the orchestra is lowered and shielded the quality of its tone becomes dead and impoverished. It is a pity that such is the case, for with the lowered orchestra Mr. Hertz could urge his players much more than he ought to in the present conditions, which he fails to appreciate.

Mr. Hertz conducts with a baton, with both hands, with his head and with his body. He suffers from an excess of enthusiasm. That is all. He is an intensely earnest musician. He loves his art, and he strives for high ideals. He knows the Wagner dramas intimately. He does not always give us what we are accustomed to regard as the correct tempi, but we must bear in mind that Germany in general has discovered that Wagner did not know what he wished in this matter.

His preachments regarding the true tempi of his music are generally disregarded in the land of Beethoven. Over there they all know a lot more about Wagner than he ever knew about himself. They rather pity him now because he did not find out how slowly his music could be played without falling apart.

Gentle music lover, just try this experiment some time. When you hear a performance of "Faust" at the Metropolitan Opera House, take out your watch and time one of the principal acts, say, the garden scene. Then when you go to the Grand Opera in Paris, where they really know a thing or two about "Faust," time the same act again. Then consider whether the difference in the speed at which it was performed did not have some bearing on the difference in your impressions.

This is a rude plan at the best. Conductors vary in tempi rather in certain passages than in whole acts. Going too fast in a passage of weight and dignity does as much damage as going too slowly in one requiring vivacity. For example, in "Siegfried," the wonderful rhythmic instrumental imitation of the swinging of the young hero's hammer when he lays the sword, "Nothung," on the anvil and smites it with giant blows goes for nothing in the Metropolitan Opera House in these times, simply because Mr. Hertz takes it a little too fast and thereby makes the necessary accentuation impossible. Who does not remember the imposing effect which Seidl made with this passage? Why, the blow of *Siegfried's* hammer sounded like a collision of worlds!

We get through our Wagnerian performances in nearly the same time as we did twenty years ago, but we have some deadly dull moments. Recall how we were made by the orchestra in the first act of "Tristan und Isolde" to realize that a tremendous hero was about to pass between the curtains separating the tent of *Isolde* from the after deck of the ship. *Tristan* was indeed a heroic figure.

He has shrunk sadly in stature since those days. Seidl has passed away and his place has not been filled. Why cannot our present conductor occasionally get away from his agitated, stringent, excited method of conducting and reach a state of serene depth and majestic power? Well, to fall into sidewalk conversation, because he is not built that way. That is the whole answer. A conductor is a man, and he conducts according to his nature. Wherefore let us turn for a moment from the opera house to the concert room, consider the ways of Weingartner and Safonof and be wise.

Weingartner is a classicist. He says he is and he ought to know. Safonof is a Russian. There is a difference, though some may not discern it at the first glance. The Russian school of composers has little in common with the classic masters. It has been powerfully affected by racial and political conditions. Its music is either frankly delineative or introspective. When, as in the case of Rimsky-Korsakov, the composer sits with his eyes upon the east, it is the eternal picturesqueness of the prospect rather than its inner significance that influences his thought.

Rimsky-Korsakov is a tone painter par excellence. When, as in the case of Tschaikowsky, the composer keeps his eyes on his immediate surroundings he becomes intensely Russian, expresses national emotions and sings much in the idioms of his native folksong.

Now Russia is a land of tragedy. It is a land of poetry and song. Remember always that Glinka, the father of Russianism in music, did not find in the east conceptions of new moods, new harmonies and new scales. In the land that lay at his feet, the wondrous, unpenetrated virgin land of Russian song and story, he found dreams and fancies for which the old manner of music was all sufficient. It was the land of which the poet Pushkin wrote when he penned the prologue to the story on which the libretto of "Ruslan" is founded:

By the side of the Blue Sea is a great and green oak tree, girt with a golden chain:
Day and night a marvellous, learned cat crawls around this oak.
When the cat crawls to the right, he sings a song; when he crawls to the left, he tells a story.
It is there you must sit down and learn the understanding of Russian legends.
There the spirit of Russia and the fantasy of our ancestors come to life again.

Safonof resuscitates the spirit of Russia and the fantasy of his ancestors. He conducts with tremendous vigor, barbaric, rudeness and unbridled power. The audience yields itself to the spell of primeval man, the savage conqueror. Now, with Weingartner we find ourselves in another atmosphere. This conductor is a product of culture. There is little of the primeval man in him. He is essentially twentieth century, in spite of the interesting fact that he has no love for any symphonic music composed since the death of Beethoven.

His sympathies are with the perfect in form, the polished elaboration of a complex design. For the vagrant fancies of the extravagant romanticists of our time he has no use whatever. They shock his keen sensitiveness to all that is methodic. Like the ideal poet of Johnson's "Rasselas," he is "conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little," but if it was not made before Chopin and Schumann sang together his blessing rests not upon it.

Now, the American mind is never satisfied unless it can find the answer to the question "What is the best?" So, of course, music lovers are worrying themselves greatly by trying to decide which of these two men is the greater conductor. What good would it do anyone to know? Suppose we should convince ourselves that Safonof were a greater director than Weingartner. Would that repay us for staying at home when Weingartner conducted Beethoven's ninth symphony?

Or if we should decide the other way, would we miss nothing by absenting ourselves from a concert in which Safonof conducted Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony? Let us enjoy both. That is the wise course. Get as much as you can. Do not throw away a good thing just because there is a better, when you might as well have both.

Many persons have written and some have spoken to THE SUN'S chronicler of musical doings about the persistence of certain patrons of concerts and the opera in talking in the course of the performances. Requests have been made that the chronicler would make some comment of censorious nature on this nuisance.

It seems to this writer that consideration of a habit of this sort belongs not to the domain of music, but to that of manners. It is doubtless true, as one complaint says, that most of the persons who stand behind the rail at the opera on Caruso nights talk all the time when the tenor is not singing and are silent only when he does. It is also quite true that they lean over the rail and hang their wraps over it, so that the persons who sit in the last row of seats are greatly annoyed.

But it may be questioned whether any comment in a newspaper can penetrate the hides of people who are so thoroughly absorbed in themselves that they forget that there are others. In miscellaneous assemblies rude and selfish persons are inevitably in the majority. No matter where you go you will find scores and scores of them.

Many millions of words have been penned against the vice of selfishness, yet it is still prevalent. It is true that the man or woman who talks at the opera or the concert robs you of part of the enjoyment for which you have paid your good money; but it is a form of theft which the law cannot punish. If a man should thoughtlessly walk off with your umbrella he might in certain circumstances be arrested. If he with equal thoughtlessness makes away with your grasp of the continuity of a great scene or a master symphony, he must go scot free.

Nor can you wither this sort of person with a stare, a glare, or even direct speech. The man or woman who talks at a musical performance does so in the firm conviction that it is the exercise of a divine right. This writer has been subjected to some delightfully abusive remarks because he looked at some noisy chatterer with mild reproach. No doubt many of the complainants to him have had similar experiences.

Yet, after all, an expression of disapprobation from one's neighbor is a pretty personal thing, and in spite of all bravado, it usually gets home. So the matter comes at last to this: that the cure for talking among audiences lies with the audience itself. Those who object to it must make their objections so plain that the offenders will be uncomfortable. Public opinion in the long run is irresistible.

W. J. HENDERSON.

PROVES HERSELF WIDOW.

Mrs. Bobier Convinces a Referee That She Is Entitled to Administer.

Dora Morris Bobier has proved to the satisfaction of a referee, Adrien T. Kiernan, appointed by the Surrogate, that she was the legal wife of John Forest Bobier and as widow is entitled to administer his estate.

Mrs. Emma Bond of Ottawa, Bobier's sister, obtained letters of administration shortly after his death on March 12 last. When Mrs. Bobier applied to have those letters revoked, on the ground that she as the widow was the rightful administratrix, Mrs. Bond denied that her brother had ever made Dora Morris his wife.

The evidence taken before the referee convinced him that on November 5, 1901, Bobier and Dora Morris entered into a contract of marriage and that subsequently Bobier introduced her to his friends and relatives as his wife. Mrs. Bond, however, showed that for some reason shortly before his death Bobier denied that he was married, and refused to have a ceremonial marriage performed when advised to do so. This is explained by the fact that he was a Christian while Mrs. Bobier is a Hebrew. She tried vainly, it is said, to convert him to her faith.

Bobier is supposed to have made a will, but a search of the safety deposit vault he rented and of his other private effects has failed to disclose one. If Mr. Kiernan's report is confirmed Mrs. Bobier will obtain the letters of administration.

PAID HIGH FOR IRVING RELICS.

SENTIMENTAL PRICES FOR THE ACTOR'S BELONGINGS.

The Sale of His Effects in London a Remarkable Function—Pictures by Whistler and Sargent—An Irish Painter's Masterpiece With a Story Sold for $70

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The five days sale in Christie's auction rooms of the pictures, library and other belongings of the late Sir Henry Irving has been in some ways a remarkable function. No sooner were the things to be sold placed on view than people flocked to see them, and from the hour of opening till the time of closing Christie's rooms were thronged.

The sale catalogues, sold at sixpence apiece for the benefit of the actors' benevolent fund, yielded from £20 to £30 a day, and naturally the number of catalogues sold was small as compared with the number of visitors. So many people wanted to secure something that had belonged to Irving that his belongings often sold for ten, twenty or thirty times their intrinsic value.

The first two days of the sale disposed of a large number of objects of widely varying nature, divided into 254 auction lots and classified under the general heading of relics. They included costumes, bronzes, silver, furniture, decorative objects of various kinds and theatrical properties. Many of the last had belonged to Garrick, Kean, Macready and other actors, and most of the costumes had been used by Irving.

Considering this miscellaneous collection apart from all personal associations, experienced dealers thought the things might be worth £500 or $2,500. The amount they actually brought was $23,010.

As an instance of the part played by sentiment, the Waterloo medal worn by Irving in the character of *Corporal Gregory Brewster* may be mentioned. Its ordinary selling price is about $8. This specimen sold for $157.

On the other hand it may safely be asserted that one object, at least, failed to bring its proper value, this being a beautiful statuette by Alfred Gilbert, R. A., "The Figure of Fame," standing on a ball of agate, with ebony pedestal. Irving possessed no finer work of art than this, which was presented to him by the sculptor. It sold for $556, and is said to have been acquired for the South Kensington Museum, the one over which Sir Purdon Clarke presided recently.

Particulars of several of the most noteworthy objects, and especially of those possessing American associations, have already been cabled to THE SUN. Their nature indicates the nature of the whole. It is understood that their interest is chiefly personal, and to give a further long list would be superfluous.

The third day witnessed the dispersal of the drawings and pictures. The centres of interest, the only pictures that most of those present really talked about at all, were two works by famous American painters—Whistler's portrait of Irving as *Philip II. of Spain*, and Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth*. But before dealing with them it is doubtless permissible to mention a picture which preceded them in the order of sale, a picture which ought to have been talked about, for it was an admirable work of art.

The picture in question, an oil painting representing *Ophelia* and *Laertes*, and measuring 78 inches by 38, was the work of W. G. Wills, once a student at the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin. He had some fame as a pastellist, and more as a playwright, and he died in 1891.

This "Ophelia and Laertes" was the thing that Wills cared most to keep by him through all his straits—and they were many. He rarely spoke about it, but liked to work on it, to try to make it still better; and he had a reason for loving it, because *Ophelia* was for him the memory of a beautiful girl whom he had loved in days when he was too poor to think of marrying.

When he was no longer too poor she had died. But he had painted a life size head of the girl on a small canvas, and this small canvas he presently let into a larger one, and then he completed the figure of Ophelia and introduced that of Laertes.

The story was told by the late Frederick Sandys, and the picture, full of poetic feeling, went at the Irving sale for only $70. It was bought by a Miss Barton, who is much to be congratulated on her discrimination and on her bargain.

The Whistler portrait, as all the world now knows, realized $25,200, and was bought by a firm of American agents for an American collector whose name has not yet been made public. Here is a story of this portrait told by Sarah Grand's stepson, Haldane Macfall, in his little book about Irving, recently published:

The portrait, for which Irving is said to have paid £100, hung in the famous beefsteak room of the Lyceum Theatre, and when Whistler came to supper there he would talk of nothing else. One night the company wearied of the subject, and Whistler grew angry; took to sneering; declared that likeness did not matter, for one day the sitter would be forgot, but the masterpiece would remain. Now, this "Philip of Spain" was a masterpiece, he declared, and the painter of it a master, a monstrous clever fellow, whom he would like to have known.

"Yes?" said Irving, smiling in his enigmatic way. "Yes? Still, it is accounted a fine portrait of me in the past—indeed, I so account it; but—I forget who painted it."

As a matter of sober fact, it is not a good portrait of Irving, and not a very good Whistler—not to be compared with the Sarasate, for instance, as a portrait, nor with a score of others as a decoration.

The Sargent full length of Ellen Terry might well have brought more money than $6,300. The alleged purchaser, Mr. Wyatt, seems to be a rather elusive personage, and if the jade Rumor may be quoted there is a notion that this picture was not sold, but bought in at $6,300.

However that may be, it must be remembered that the Ellen Terry was shown at the New Gallery as long ago as 1889, and that Sargent has done much better work since. Then the color scheme of strong blues and greens seemed more remarkable, more successfully audacious, than it does now and, of course, the time to judge a work of art is always "now." It was and is an excellent portrait of Ellen Terry in a rôle that never suited her.

As to other pictures and drawings, chiefly of histrionic rather than of any other interest, none seems to call for special mention. In all they numbered 158, and the amount they jointly sold for was $51,0[illegible].

The books, &c., sold collectively for $19,561. The grand total for the five days comes to $93,981—of which amount more than one-third was produced by two paintings, both the work of American artists.

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF SIR HENRY IRVING AS PHILIP II. OF SPAIN BROUGHT $25,200 AT THE SALE OF IRVING'S COLLECTIONS IN LONDON.

SINGER UNWIVES HERSELF.

But Husband Threatens to Set the U. S. Supreme Court at Her.

Supreme Court Justice O'Gorman signed yesterday a decree annulling the marriage of Marguerite Lemon, who was formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, to J. Reed Littell. The marriage occurred at Winchester, Mass., on October 31, 1899, after Littell's first wife had obtained a divorce in Chicago on the ground of desertion. Mrs. Littell the first was a clerk in the Internal Revenue Department at Washington.

After the marriage Miss Lemon learned that Littell was not domiciled in Chicago at the time of the divorce and disagreements having arisen between her and Littell she sued for the annulment, alleging that the Chicago divorce was invalid here. This contention was upheld by Justice Dugro, before whom the case was tried, but Littell intends to appeal the suit up to the United States Supreme Court if necessary, as he says that the Illinois courts had full jurisdiction to grant his first wife a divorce.

PLAYING ANIMALS HIS WORK.

WESTON HAS RANGED FROM A PARROT TO A LION.

Now He's the Dog Nana in "Peter Pan" and He Likes That Best of All—Cats the Easiest to Play—Had to Have a Special Head Made to Fit His Present Part.

Our old friend Sherlock Holmes, who used to determine the employment of men by the marks on their hands, would be puzzled at the knuckles of Charles H. Weston, a small, agile, keen faced youth who haunts upper Broadway these fine winter afternoons. His palms are smooth and white and soft, like those of a clerk; not a sign of manual labor there. But his knuckles are bunchy and covered with a sheath of hard skin and on the first and second joints of the forefingers are actual corns.

Sherlock Holmes might be excused if he failed to tell this man's trade by his hands, for there are only two others of the same trade in the United States and only two or three more abroad. He is an animal impersonator and he gets those hard knuckles from playing dog for he is *Nana*, the dog nurse in "Peter Pan."

Every one who has seen "Peter Pan" will remember *Nana*, who takes care of the children, almost as long as he will remember the part of *Peter* himself. *Nana*, a St. Bernard girl dog, has the first curtain and the last. When the play opens on the nursery scene she enters, turns on the electric lights, goes to each of the three little beds, turns down the covers with her mouth, picks up a pair of pajamas, carries them to the fender before the fireplace, hangs them up to warm, trots into the bathroom and turns on the water.

No one could believe, of course, that this is a "truly" dog. But the point about Mr. Weston's act, the thing which keeps the

PART NO. 1—NANA.

children screaming with delight and their elders chuckling, is the way this caricature of an animal has caught all the ways and manners of a big, awkward, intelligent and affectionate dog.

One gets the personal pronouns twisted in describing it, for the outward semblance of *Nana* is a girl dog and the inner works are a boy man. Let us stick to *Nana's* outward semblance and the feminine pronoun.

She shambles in with the awkward trot of a big dog. When she hangs up the pajamas she does it with that peculiar toss of the head which a dog uses in operating with a mouth which is singularly ill fitted to duplicate the work of human hands. Probably the best thing she does is the incident of *Father's* medicine. Little *Joseph* doesn't want to take medicine which *Nana* has poured out for him. *Father* promises to take some nasty medicine himself at one and the same time *Joseph's* medicine goes down, but *Father* reneges.

PART NO. 2—THE DANCING OSTRICH.

To save his dignity he pretends that he has just been playing a trick on *Nana;* he's going to empty it into her bowl and she will think that it is milk.

Nana approaches the bowl with the bound of a dog that is hungry. She dips her nose into it with her head on one side, turns about and bends an almost human look of reproach on *Father* and backs into her kennel with the air of a dog who has had all her feelings hurt and is disappointed in humanity. There she lies and licks her paws to get the taste out of her mouth.

She is still more funny when she doesn't want to be put out into the yard, and funniest of all when she is scolded. Here she droops her head and ears and looks ashamed all over. Most animal turns are simply burlesque. This is acting.

Weston, the insides of *Nana*, is also the ostrich which opens the second act with a dance and the lion whose tail *Peter Pan* cuts off—for he is an all round animal specialist.

He sat in his dressing room the other night and told a SUN reporter all about it. He had finished his lion turn and was dressed in his dog clothes, all but the head, ready for his appearance in the last act. About him were scattered parts of lion, ostrich, dog and giant cat. From the mass of fur and wool which is the counterfeit presentment of *Nana* rose a round head, a keen American face and a pair of horribly painted eyes, those eyes being his only makeup. The body of *Nana* squatted on the floor in an undoglike attitude, while the head of Weston talked about the profession of acting animals.

"I ran away with a circus when I was 9 years old," he said. "They taught me tumbling and contortion acts and bareback riding. I was only a kid, but I got the idea of doing a riding turn on all fours as a bear. 'A bear bareback,' the posters used to call it.

"Well, it was a great hit, and one day a theatrical manager came along and offered me a job as the cow in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' That's how I broke into the legitimate.

"I wanted a better part than a cow, so I began to study animals. Before long I was the cat in 'The Show Girl.' That was the fattest part I ever had. This one is the best. You see, *Nana* ain't a low class dog. I've played our dogs, but they're different. *Nana* is a house dog with lots of tricks and sense, and of course it takes lots of studying to get her right.

"In 'The Show Girl' I opened the play. I came along a fence, did a cat specialty up there, jumped off as if somebody had thrown a brick at me, turned two flipflops and landed on all fours. I had a string arrangement so's I could stick up my fur and make a bat out of my tail when I pretended to see a dog. Next I rubbed up against the scenery the way a cat does, and then I had an act with a rat.

"I studied cats for three months before I even tried to rehearse that part. I like animals—better than people, I guess—I have three cats, two dogs, two monkeys and a parrot at home down in Florida, and I watch 'em all the time. I followed those cats around all day, seeing how they did things. It's the only way to get it right. Can you tell me the the way a cat walks and the way a dog walks?"

Stumped again!

"I'll show you," said Weston, jumping up and getting on all fours. "This is a cat. She puts both feet on one side forward and both on the other!"—and he paced about the room. He had become a cat. It was not so much the manner of placing the feet. He had the gentle, easy stride, the long swing of the body.

"Now, this is a dog. You see, the hind foot on each side goes into the place that the forefoot has just left." He changed the whole position of his body when he made the shift. As a cat, he had walked on the palms and the first joint of his fingers, with his legs—or should they be called his hind legs?—shoved out far behind him. Now he walked on his knuckles, drew his hind legs up under him, and depressed his back. He lumbered along like a big, careless, floppy dog.

"It's really easier to be a cat," he said. "When you're a cat, you've got your palms to support you, but when you're a dog the weight is all on your knuckles. Then, you have to walk on your toes, so as to lift the hind quarters, and your back has to be bowed until you think it will break. Of course, your trouble is all with your hind legs. You can't get them just right, any way you try. A man's hind legs bend forward and a dog's backward. You can't change nature.

"And hard work! Gee! I wish you could try it once. I've done bareback turns, and tumbling and contortion, but they're nothing like it. You're shut up tight in a great, big fur coat without any air holes, working like sin on a hot stage. I run to flesh; I'd be fat as a pig if I dropped the game for a year; but this work keeps me fine drawn all the time.

"I've played pretty nearly the whole menagerie. I've been a parrot in vaudeville, giving imitations of actors"—Weston half crouched, made wings out of his arms, rolled his head from side to side and made a few remarks in parrot language "and a monkey and a tiger and a frog. But I like *Nana* best of all. You see, everything else I ever did was just comedy or vaudeville. This is a real dramatic part.

"When they engaged me to play *Nana* I saw that I had a great chance and I prepared to do a good job. I bought me a dog to study. He was a big Newfoundland with lots of sense. They'd showed me the play, and I knew what I had to do, though I've added some business. So I took my dog and taught him every trick that *Nana* has to do. Getting him to hang pajamas over the fender was the hardest of all.

PART NO. 3—THE LION.

"The thing that bothered me most was the bark. I've naturally got a tenor voice, and a big dog like that ought to have a big, deep bark. I haven't got that right yet.

"Then there was the mouth. You see when an animal has a practical mouth, you generally work it by a string. But *Nana* has to pick up so many things, and do most of them on the move, that the string wouldn't work at all. So I made an invention that I'd had in my mind for some time. I work *Nana's* mouth by my own mouth. Look here——"

He picked up *Nana's* head and wriggled into it. And *Nana* found a voice and spoke; and as she spoke she opened and shut her mouth, just like a human.

"You see," said the voice from *Nana*, "I can stick out my tongue, and it looks just like *Nana's*. That's another good point about the invention. There's no other way you can have a practical tongue. The property man at the Metropolitan Opera House made it for me. He made that lion head up there, and it's one of the best jobs ever done."

Nana has two heads, by the way; the one she wears every night and an understudy to be used in case that one gets neuralgia or a fractured skull or toothache.

"Try it yourself," said Mr. Weston. THE SUN reporter slipped it on. The world was just barely visible. He moved his jaws, and heard a clicking sound. *Nana's* jaws were moving, though he couldn't see it. He spoke of that, to the accompaniment of clicking jaws.

"Yes," said Mr. Weston. "That's the worst of the part. I have to do about twenty things with my mouth and I can't see what I'm doing. First, I pick up those pajamas. Half the time I miss. I never can tell whether I've got them until I pull my head away and look to see if they're there. Then, I'm always scared to death when I hang them up for fear I'll let them drop inside the fender.

"Animal acting is just like any other acting," he continued. "You can't be good unless you feel the part. When I'm a cat I feel like a cat——"

"And how is that?"

"Oh, it's hard to tell—kind of sleek, and sneaky, and comfortable."

Eats a Herring for Luck.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Just as the clock of St. Michael's Catholic Church struck the midnight hour last night Mr. Frank A. Furst ate a raw herring, a habit he has never omitted for forty years. It is Mr. Furst's belief that the eating of a herring at the coming in of the New Year brings luck and he does not deny it as to him. The event took place last night at the home of Mrs. Furst's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Monius, 1837 East Lombard street, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Furst always spend the last hours of the departing year.

As in the past, when an announcement appeared of Mr. Furst's unusual custom numerous inquiries were received through the mail as to what particular herring brings him continued luck. He says that any old herring will do the work.

NEW BEDFORD'S BLIND LAWYER

WILLIAM B. PERRY APPOINTED CITY SOLICITOR.

Put Into Office by a Reform Administration That Wants to Keep the "Lid" On—Has Been Blind Since He Was 7 Years Old—Won Honors in School and College.

NEW BEDFORD, Jan. 6.—Although sightless since he was 7 years of age, William B. Perry is now the legal adviser of a municipality of nearly 80,000 inhabitants. Handicapped by the loss of sight and unaided by any political pull, Mr. Perry's ability alone has won for him the office of City Solicitor of New Bedford.

The results of the recent municipal election have been spectacular. The old puritanical régime of the whaling days in New Bedford was followed by a period when the "lid" was off the town. Last fall a reform movement put out of office the administration that had held uninterrupted power for fifteen years and elected for Mayor on non-partisan lines a man in overalls, Thomas Thompson, a stonecutter.

It was expected by Mr. Thompson's supporters that the office of City Solicitor would be given as a reward to some attorney who had worked in the candidate's behalf. Mayor Thompson surprised the public by sending to the City Council the nomination for City Solicitor of William B. Perry, and the Council confirmed the nomination.

Mr. Perry was born in this city in 1868. When only 7 years old he lost his sight as the result of the explosion of a cannon cracker on the Fourth of July. His parents sent him to the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, and upon his graduation he was the valedictorian of his class. He returned to the institute as a teacher.

In the fall of 1889 he entered Amherst College and was graduated with the class of 1892. While in college he led his class, frequently securing a marking of 100 per cent. in his courses.

In order to prove that the blind can teach and thus aid the graduates of blind institutions he filled for two years the place of tutor in the family of State Senator Queenie of Connecticut, obtaining the place through an educational bureau. Several graduates from other institutions had applied for the place, three of his own classmates preceding him on the day of application. When Perry spoke of his infirmity Senator Queenie replied:

"I prefer ability to eyesight."

Throughout his two years as tutor Perry devoted his spare time to preparing for the Harvard Law School. He completed the course in three years, graduating with a *magna cum laude* degree.

In his bar examination in 1897 Perry was not quite at his best. Thinking that the examination was to be oral, he did not bring his typewriter, and so had to dictate to a younger brother not up in legal technicalities. But despite this handicap Perry passed the best examination of the several hundred aspirants.

Mr. Perry began the practice of law in this city in the fall of 1897, and has followed the profession ever since, making a specialty of financial and corporation matters. In addition to building up a large practice he has served four years as a member of the Common Council.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's next concerts will take place Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. On Thursday Rubin Goldmark's "Hiawatha" overture, Weber's "Concertstück," Tschaikowsky's "Francesca di Rimini" and Brahms's D major symphony will be played. Alfred Reisenauer will be the soloist. On Saturday afternoon Schumann's B flat symphony, Spohr's D minor violin concerto, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Elgar's "In the South" overture will be given. Willy Hess will be the soloist.

The second concert of the Adele Margulies Trio will take place at Mendelssohn Hall on Saturday night. The pergramme: Mozart's G major trio, Strauss's F major sonata for 'cello and piano, and Dvorak's E flat quartet, opus. 87.

Maud Powell, violinist, will give a recital in Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday afternoon.

Alexander von Fielitz, the composer of some excellent songs, will assist Heinrich Meyn at his recital in Mendelssohn Hall on the afternoon of January 18.

At the second concert in Mendelssohn Hall next Tuesday evening the Olive Mead Quartet will give the following programme: Mozart's quartet G major, Arthur Foote's pianoforte quintet, op. 38, and Mendelssohn's Quartet E flat major. Augusta Cottlow will be the assisting artist.

Sigismond Stojowski, the Polish pianist, is to give a recital in Mendelssohn Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 21th.

When Victor Beigel gives the first of his recitals in Mendelssohn Hall on Wednesday evening, the 17th, he will present of a programme of classical compositions dating from the years 1400 to 1800, including compositions by Lully, Rameau, Händel, Bach, Haydn, Beethoven and others, with the assistance of the following artists: Miss Susan Metcalfe, Miss Frances Ives, Miss Emma Van der Veer and William Raymond.

Raoul Pugno, the celebrated French pianist; Joseph Hollman, the Dutch 'cellist and Miss Marie Hall are a combination of celebrities who will give a concert in Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon, the 21st, at 2 o'clock. The concert will also serve to reintroduce Mr. Hollman, who has been absent from the local concert stage for nearly twelve years, during which time he has played in nearly every part of the world.

The next set of People's Symphony Concerts will take place at Cooper Union, Thursday evening, January 25, and at Grand Central Palace, Friday evening, January 26. And in recognition of the proximity of the date of Mozart's 150th birthday, the programme will be chiefly devoted to works by that master; the overture to the "Magic Flute" and the "Jupiter" symphony and a Mozart aria, with Susan Metcalfe, soprano, as soloist, will be included in the list.

Clayton Johns will give a recital of his own compositions at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday afternoon.

Under Wassili Safonoff the Philharmonic Society will give extra concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Three Tschaikowsky works will be played: the serenade for strings, first piano concerto and "Pathetic" symphony. Adele Aus der Ohe will be the pianist.

By request of many Mme. Sembrich will give another song recital at Carnegie Hall on February 11.

Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, will make his debut to-morrow night at Carnegie Hall with the Philadelphia Orchestra. He will play Saint Saëns's C minor concerto.

The whole world is about to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart, and New York's tribute to the "wondrous boy" will be strongly represented by the second in Sam Franko's series of Concerts of Old Music. This will be given on the evening of Thursday, February 1, at Mendelssohn Hall, and Mozart's works will be the only ones in the programme. The rarely performed Sinfonia Concertante for violin and viola will be played by Leopold Lichtenberg and Mr. Franko himself, both artists who are too little heard on the concert platform. An important number will be a divertimento in B flat for strings and two horns. It is interesting that a work of this importance, the product of Mozart's ripest period, should only now be heard for the first time in America.

Petition From Texas in Behalf of Patrick.

ALBANY, Jan. 6.—Gov. Higgins has received a second petition requesting him to exercise executive clemency in the case of Albert T. Patrick, under sentence of death for the murder of Millionaire William Marsh Rice. It came from Navasota, Tex., the former home of Patrick, and was signed by 100 of the leading residents of that city. It asks for executive clemency on the ground of reasonable doubt of Patrick's guilt.

Silk Mill Boiler Blows Up: Two Will Die.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 6. A boiler in the Taylor silk mill exploded this afternoon. The boiler house was wrecked and two men were injured, two of whom, Patrick Conway, fireman, and John Gallagher, foreman, will die. There were 500 girls employed at the mill and a number had narrow escapes.